General Audiences

No Archive Warnings Apply

F/M
Gen

My Adventures with Superman (Cartoon)
Superman - All Media Types

Clark Kent/Lois Lane
Clark Kent & Lois Lane & James "Jimmy" Olsen
Jonathan "Pa" Kent & Martha Kent

Lois Lane
Clark Kent
James "Jimmy" Olsen
Jonathan "Pa" Kent
Martha Kent
One Grumpy Chicken

Friendship/Love
Friendship
Fluff
Domestic Fluff
Fluff and Hurt/Comfort
Mild Hurt/Comfort
like very mild
Fluff and Humor
Humor
Storms
to be fair storms in an old farm house can be scary sometimes
Cuddling & Snuggling
Platonic Cuddling
Romantic Cuddling
Found Family
as in they found Clark and the Kents decided to claim them too
Power Outages
Chickens
daydreams for the future
Slice of Life
English

November Sunshine

QuietlyRebellious

Summary:

Clark looked over at her and gently took one of her hands from it’s death grip on her pillow. “We’ve done this lots of times before, right Jimmy?”

“Mhm.” Jimmy squeaked tensely from behind his own pillow. “We have. Still hate it.”
Clark grabbed Jimmy’s hand as well and steered the three of them downstairs as the storm roared on. He sat them down on the couch beside his snuggling parents and then started tucking the two of them in with the same forced calm his parents radiated.
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In which there is a storm, some family cuddles, one rather grumpy chicken, and a very wet egg.

Notes:

This is right before Kiss Kiss Fall in Portal, but in a world where they just kinda hung out at the farm for a night after Clark asked Lois on an official date.

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes).)

Lois was brave. She was brave, strong, independent and definitely not at all worried about the way the Kent house was cracking in the wind.

She didn’t need to go downstairs. She would *not* sneak into Clark’s room. She would not go lay on the couch in the living room on the ground floor, and she certainly would not go hide in the creepy dirt and rock basement unless she heard tornado sirens.

Old houses cracked in the wind.

Old houses shuddered in the wind.

It was early November and early November in Kansas meant storms and this house had weathered through tornados on multiple occasions.

It was fine.

It was totally fine.

She heard a soft pop as the power flickered twice and went out.

And it was still fine. She had *concerns*, sure, but she was just fine.

There was a quiet knock at the door, and, since Lois hadn’t bothered to actually shut it, it creaked open with all the ambiance of a haunted house. But rather than a ghost ready to drag her away Clark stood, surprised, in his favorite fuzzy cat pants and a red hoodie. His stare was fixated on the floor, most likely to honor her privacy, which was sweet and all, but right now she just wanted him to scoop her up and hug the anxiety out of her. Jimmy was behind him, hugging a pillow, and she wanted to hug him too.

“We’re heading downstairs.” Clark said softly, “The wind’s strong enough to knock down trees.”

Lois nodded and scrambled to his side, relieved, though she wouldn’t admit it.

“Do we need to worry about tornadoes in November?” Jimmy asked. Clark nodded tiredly.

Lois shuddered.

“I went outside when the storm started, it didn’t *feel* like tornado weather.” He said with a shrug, “But they happen suddenly sometimes, and it’s easier to get into the basement from the living room.”

Now that she was in the hall she could hear the crackle of the emergency radio from downstairs, the tv, which relied on a satellite had gone out long before the power had and they were far enough out that sometimes Clark was the only one who heard the sirens. Not that the sirens always came on right away, sometimes it wasn’t detected until it was too late.

But Clark would know. Because he was weirdly in tune with the weather.

Clark looked over at her and gently took one of her hands from its death grip on her pillow. “We’ve done this lots of times before, right Jimmy?”

“Mhm.” Jimmy squeaked tensely from behind his own pillow. “We have. Still hate it.”

Clark grabbed Jimmy’s hand as well and steered the three of them downstairs as the storm roared on. He sat them down on the couch beside his snuggling parents and then started tucking the two of them in with the same forced calm his parents radiated.

He couldn’t control the weather, or stop a bad storm if one came, but he could make sure they were all comfortable. He disappeared for a moment and returned with a pitcher of hot water and tea, the sound of his heat vision rang absurdly loud in the candlelit dark.

He wordlessly handed out mugs, his head tilted towards the radio in rapt attention. Lois grabbed his hand and pulled him in closer, towards the space between her and Jimmy. Jimmy lifted the quilt to pointedly encourage Clark to sit down so they could cuddle up on either side of him. They were safe because they were together, and together meant *together*, after all.

Lois drifted off to the steady, echoey sound of his heart, the wind still terrifying, the house still cracked and creaked, and she was sure, in her dozing, she heard things bounce off the tin of the roof. But she felt safe.

All would be well.

The morning after the storm seemed fresh in a way Lois rarely saw since she'd moved to the city. The Kents immediately set about taking care of their neighbors. Clark used his heat vision to warm up some meals, which Ma and Pa Kent bundled into the old truck and set out to deliver.

Later, at night, Clark would do his best to help them too, without being seen.

There was a tree branch in the yard which Clark dragged behind one of the bars with a soft sigh and an empathetic pat to the tree it had fallen from as though it was an old friend. The grass was a little flattened, and some of the corn stalks were bent, but Clark gently straightened them and braced them with little twigs. And it was beautiful in a way Lois hadn't considered. Here was something powerful, something just as unstoppable as the storm whose damage he was repairing, and he took his time attending to cornstalks and blades of grass, all gilded by the golden morning sun.

Jimmy and Lois followed him to the barn where he flew around, his eyes flicking blue and white as he checked for damage.

"It looks like everything's okay." Clark said brightly. He landed and knelt down to pick up one of the hens who had waddled out to see what was going on. She was a lovely hen with soft yellow and lacy black feathers that looked unimaginably soft, and though she had never touched a living chicken in her whole life, Lois reached over and patted her fluffy back right between the wings.

Jimmy was focused on a small barn cat who seemed determined to trip him if he didn't give them affection.

"I'll go see if there are any eggs." Clark bent to set the chicken down gently, though she squawked in complaint and glared up at him as soon as he did. "I can't hold you forever, you'll peck me.."

The chicken flapped her wings indignantly and bounded away in what Lois could *swear* was a huff of annoyance. Lois tucked her hand into his with a little laugh.

"That's Sunshine." Clark explained with a grin, "She likes being held for about 5 seconds, and then gets grumpy about it."

"I see." Lois nodded seriously, though she couldn't keep a smile off her lips. She followed Clark deeper into the barn, to a big box on stilts that perched mostly outside the coop and had a ramp leading up to it. The hinges groaned loudly as he opened it and peered inside.

"Ooh! This one's fresh!" Clark picked something up and handed it to Lois cheerily.

It was hot. And *wet*.

"Clark!" Lois jumped, and then hissed, and undue sense of urgency in her voice which she *absolutely could not* help, "Clark, *why is it wet?*"

He tilted his head, as though utterly baffled by her response, "Because its fresh?" Clark frowned, "All eggs come out wet, it helps make the laying process easier."

"So really he just handed you an egg covered in chicken lube." Jimmy piped up from the doorway, where he'd, wisely, Lois now realized, busied himself with the barn cat. He'd been scarred for life once already.

Lois stared at the egg in horror, and then back up at her boyfriend who had definitely had no idea whatsoever why Lois was grossed out, or even that she was. To him it was just how things were; chickens laid wet eggs, a fresh egg was call for excitement.

"It evaporates. The whole process is fascinating actually." The farm boy continued, suddenly chipper and overflowing with wonder from the world around him, and Lois would have been in awe of him again, would have gotten absorbed in the beauty he saw in everything around him. He was like a stained-glass window which transformed all the ordinary sunlight and spun it into a brilliant reflection of the colors it contained. Made sense of it and let nothing but amazement shine through.

But Lois had the overwhelming desire to wash her hands.

But she couldn't wash her hands because she was holding the egg, and the power was out, and she couldn't dash Clark's excitement over the egg and his joyous info-dump about how egg-laying creatures laid eggs. And maybe, if she let herself think of it the way he did, it was a little lovely.

But she still set the egg in the basket as quickly as possible.

Jimmy offered some hand sanitizer sympathetically, and Lois scrubbed it all over furiously while Clark was busy chattering to the chickens affectionately.

The thing was, she could see this future. Them old and grey, having raised children or having not. Jimmy in his room and Clark and Lois in the one they took over from the first Kents. A barn like this, Clark's cooking, and handing wet eggs

to unsuspecting guests. Sunshine the 30th chasing visitors in search and revenge of cuddles. It would have scared her just a year ago; it was too much to loose. But now it gave her hope.

And she wasn't ready for it, not now, she was young yet and there was still too much to do, but she would be.

Notes:

More Lois practice!

Written 12/10/2023 - 2/16/2024

You ever been in a farmhouse in a windstorm? It cracks. Loudly. Like you think its gonna come down on your head loudly.

Anyhow! I hope you enjoyed this bit of fluff. Thank you for reading. Be safe and stay hydrated!

May 29, 2025 edit: This is not related to anything here and I promise it's not gonna be something I do often (Only when it really, really counts) But I will be editing all end notes to include this just in case it will help, but the American NWS is doing a 100 hour livestream to save their science. I've had them playing in the background, I just turn the sound off when I am working (I love science and I get sucked in). I don't really know how the algorithm works, but I figure anything will help. The link is here: https://www.youtube.com/@wclivestream/streams

Close (#)